

Home Magazine

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Advises a Young Man About to Marry.

Dear Mr. Ayer:

I am a young man of steady habits and in fairly good circumstances. I am very anxious to have a home of my own, having lived in hotels and boarding-houses for the last seventeen years, till I am now fairly sick of them. But though I am past thirty and go out a good deal in society, I have never been in love. Now, I know several good, honest girls who I think would make very good wives. I hope you would think me a conceited chump when I say that I could marry any one among them I choose. Would you advise me to marry without love? Don't you think it is safe for two sensible people to marry on respect and grow to love one another after they are married?

V. T.

I don't think you are a conceited chump, but I do think your reasons for marrying are unworthy of you.

What you need is a housekeeper. You are not thinking of the life happiness of a sweet, good woman, but of a good, comfortable home for yourself. Why don't you have a home and get a decent woman to keep it in order for you? You are not prepared to give an honest equivalent for a wife's devotion—companionship and constancy. Marriage demands on both sides the pure gold of love—unselfish, devoted, tender, self-sacrificing love to make it an honest bargain.

I grant that living, even in the best regulated boarding-houses and hotels, must be an odiously monotonous existence and no one can blame a man for desiring a real home of his own.

But to marry for a home is a mistaken foundation upon which to build a life partnership.

If you ask either one of the girls you have in mind to become your wife you are, it seems to me, assuming a role of deceit which you will find indescribably difficult to play successfully even for a limited time.

Supposing, however, that you are able to give a fair imitation of a contented

husband—what about the girl? Every woman, as well as every man, has a legitimate right to the undivided affection of one man or woman. Sooner or later, whether you will or no, if you are a sane, normal, healthy-minded man, you are bound to meet a girl who is to be the one woman in your life.

It can no more be true in your case than in that of every other man that "any one of several girls" would prove the right wife for you. Any one of several is no true rule for making any selection. There must be one, that one must be the one, in every important matter of choice.

Even Brigham Young had his favorite wife, and the Sultan has always a pet in his harem. When an honest young man seeks for honorable marriage he will usually find that his thoughts refuse to diffuse, but invariably centre on one girl.

You must not think love has passed you by because thirty years have rolled over your head and left you free from either heartache or heart rapture. The history of love affairs is all against your theory. Many men past your age loved and have loved and wed and lived forever happily. The romance of one of our best-known Presidents ended in marriage when he was near fifty. Many other authentic records of belated first-love stories give you good grounds for still waiting for your own.

In your own case I advise you not to mistake the lack of a foolish, dilly-fancy in your heart for an evidence of any lack of capacity to deeply love some good, true woman. You say you have never been in love, but "being in love" is a different thing from a real love being in you. Real love is founded on respect and esteem; it is a sensible, wholesome affection. Choose one of these girls who "would make a good wife" and cultivate her acquaintance more closely. As you grow to understand her, you will find many tastes in common with her. It is not impossible that your present placid friendship may become a more ardent sentiment. Don't marry without love.

ASAPH THE MARVELLOUS MATCHMAKER.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

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CHAPTER I.

A Prudent Sult.

ABOUT a hundred feet back from the main street of a village in New Jersey there stood a very good white house. Halfway between it and the sidewalk was a large chestnut tree, which had been the pride of Mr. Himes, who built the house, and was now the pride of Mrs. Himes, his widow, who lived there.

Under the tree was a bench and on the

pose that he received suggestions from without, took no notice of the last remark, but went on: "Lookin' at the matter in a friendly way, it seems to me it stands to reason that when the shingles on a man's house is so rotten that the rain comes through into every room on the top floor, and when the plaster on the ceiling is tumblin' down more or less all the time and the window sashes is all loose, and things generally in a condition that he can't let that house without spendin' at least a year's rent on it to get it into decent

"Are you thinkin' of Marietta Himes?" asked Mr. Rooper.

"That's the one I'm thinkin' of," said Asaph. "If you can think of anybody better, I'd like you to mention her."

Mr. Rooper did not immediately speak. He presently asked, "What do you call money?"

"Well," said Asaph, with a little hesitation, "considerin' the circumstances, I should say that in a case like this about \$1,500 a year, and a first-rate house, with not a loose shingle on it and not a crack anywhere, and a good garden and an

a freethinker?" asked Thomas.

"A what?" cried Asaph. "You mean an infidel?"

"No," said Thomas. "I don't charge nobody with nothin' more than there's reason for; but they do say that she goes sometimes to one church and sometimes to another, and that if there was a Catholic church in this village she would go to that. And who's goin' to say where a woman will turn up when she don't know her own mind better than that?"

Asaph colored a little. "The place

THE SITUATION IN ASAPH'S HOME.



"I don't suit Marietta. I don't say she's looking for another man," said Asaph, to his friend, "but if another man was to come along and if he was the right kind of man, it's my opinion she's ready for him."

order, and when a man's got to the time of life—

"There's nothin' the matter with the time of life," said Thomas; "that's all right."

"What I was goin' to say was," continued Asaph, "that when a man gets to the time of life when he knows what it is to be comfortable in his mind as well as in his body, and that time comes to sensible people as soon as they get fairly grooved up, he don't want to give up his good room in the tavern and all the privileges of the house and go to live on his own property and have the plaster come down on his own head and the rain come down on the coverlet of his own bed."

"No, he don't," said Thomas; "and, what is more, he isn't goin' to do it. But what I got from the rent of that house is what I have to live on; there's no gittin' around that pint."

"Well, then," said Asaph, "if you don't marry money, what are you goin' to do? You can't go back to your old business."

"I never had but one business," said Thomas. "I lived with my folks until I was a good deal more than grooved up; and when the war broke out I went as sutler to the regiment from this place; and all the money I made I put into my property in the village here. That's what I've lived on ever since. There's no more war, so there's no more sutlers, except away out West where I wouldn't go; and there are no more folks, for I am all dead; and, if what Mr. McJimsey says is true, there'll be no more tenants in my house after the last of next November. For when the McJimseys go on account of want of general repairs, it is not to be expected that anybody else will come there. There's nobody in this place that can stand as much as the McJimseys can."

"Consequently," said Asaph, deliberately filling his pipe, "it stands to reason that there ain't nothin' for you to do but marry money."

Thomas Rooper took his pipe from his mouth and sat up straight. Gazing steadily at his companion, he remarked: "If you think that is such a good thing to do, why don't you do it yourself? There can't be anybody much harder up than you are."

"The law's agin' my doin' it," said Asaph. "A man can't marry his sister."

orchard, and two cows and a piece of meadow land on the other side of the creek, and all the clothes a woman need have, is money."

Thomas shrugged his shoulders. "Clothes!" he said. "If she marries she'll go out of black, and then she'll have to have new ones, and lots of 'em. That would make a big hole in her money, Asaph."

The other smiled. "I always knowed you was a far-seen' feller, Thomas; but it stands to reason that Marietta's got a lot of clothes that was on hand before she went into mournin', and she's not the kind of woman to waste 'em. She'll be twistin' 'em about and makin' 'em over to suit the fashions, and it won't be like her to be buyin' new colored goods when she's got plenty of 'em already."

"There was now another pause in the conversation and then Mr. Rooper remarked: "Mrs. Himes must be gettin' on pretty well in years."

"She's not a young woman," said Asaph; "but if she was much younger she wouldn't have you, and if she was much older, you wouldn't have her. So it strikes me she's just about the right pint."

"How old was John Himes when he died?" asked Thomas.

"I don't exactly know that; but he was a lot older than Marietta."

Thomas shook his head. "It strikes me," said he, "that John Himes had a hearty constitution and hadn't ought to die as soon as he did. He fell away a good deal in the last years of his life."

"And considerin' that he died of constipation, he had a right to fall away," said Asaph. "If what you are drivin' at, Thomas, is that Marietta isn't a good housekeeper and hasn't the right sort of notions of feedin', look at me. I've lived with Marietta just about a year, and in that time I have gained forty-two pounds. Now, of course, I ain't unreasonable, and don't mean to say that you would gain forty-two pounds in a year, 'cause you ain't got the frame and bone to put it on; but it wouldn't surprise me a bit if you was to gain twenty, or even twenty-five, pounds in eighteen months, anyway; and more than that you ought not to ask, Thomas, considerin' your height and general build."

"Isn't Marietta Himes a good deal of

where Marietta will turn up," said he warmly, "is on a front seat in the kingdom of heaven; and if the people that talk about her will mend their ways they'll see that I am right. You need not trouble yourself about that, Thomas. Marietta Himes is plous to the bell."

Mr. Rooper now shifted himself a little on the bench and crossed one leg over the other. "Now look here, Asaph," he said, with a little more animation than he had yet shown, "supposin' all you say is true, have you got any reason to think that Mrs. Himes ain't satisfied with things as they are?"

"Yes, I have," said Asaph. "And I don't mind tellin' you that the thing she's least satisfied with is me. She wants a man in the house; that is natural. She wouldn't be Marietta Himes if she didn't. When I come to live with her I thought the whole business was settled; but it isn't. I don't suit her. I don't say she's lookin' for another man, but if another man was to come along, and if he was the right kind of a man, it's my opinion she's ready for him. I wouldn't say this to everybody, but I know it to you, Thomas Rooper, 'cause I say what kind of a man you are."

Mr. Rooper did not return the compliment. "I don't wonder your sister ain't satisfied with you," he said, "for you go ahead at all the lazy men I ever saw yet. They were sayin' down at the tavern yesterday, just yesterday, that you could do less work in more time than anybody they ever before saw."

"There's two ways of workin'," said Asaph. "Some people work with their hands and some with their heads." Thomas grimly smiled. "It strikes me," said he, "that the most headwork you do is with your jaws."

(To Be Continued.)

MAY MANTON'S HELPS

For Women Who Make Their Own Dresses.

A PASTEL GREEN.

All soft, clinging materials are in style for indoor wear. This charming afternoon gown, white suited to many sorts, is shown in silk warp Henrietta cloth in pastel green with trimming of cream lace and black velvet applied in stitched bands.

The lining for the waist is snugly fitted and closes at the center front. On it are arranged the various parts of the waist. The shield is attached to the right side and hooked over onto the left, but the fronts close separately at the left side. Deep plaits are laid at the shoulders that extend to the waist line, where the extra fullness is arranged in gathers. The back is smooth fitting, simply drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The sleeves are full, suggesting the bishop, but include deep cuffs pointed at the upper edge.

The skirt is cut in five gores and fits smoothly and snugly about the hips, while it flares freely at the lower portion. The fullness at the back is laid in fluted plaits and a yoke of lace is applied over the material.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for blouse 4 yards 2 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for skirt, 6 1/2 yards 21 inches wide, 6 yards 27 inches wide or 4 yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern, No. 4033, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

The skirt pattern, No. 3841, is cut in



"This is a sketch of the fashionable costume which May Manton describes in these columns to-day. Patterns may be obtained through The Evening World by following Miss Manton's directions."

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Publisher Building, N. York City."

For a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents. If both patterns are wanted send 20 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra 2-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelopes.

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THE FASHIONABLE DOLL'S WARDROBE.

If you could peep into some of the dolls' trunks which have gone away this summer, you would find costumes for all occasions—simple frocks of gingham, linen, lawn, pique or dimity for the morning; dresses of ruffle and lace-garnished organdie, swiss and other dainty fabrics for afternoon; golf skirts trimmed with little brass buttons and smart shirt waists to wear with them; chic suits with sailor collars for yachting; and evening toilets that are very grand indeed with their low necks, short sleeves and sweeping trains, not to speak of the various other essentials in attire ranging from lingerie and corsets to parasols, says Sylvia Fenno, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The accessories of these various costumes, though small in themselves, nevertheless proclaim the well-dressed doll and constitute an important item of the up-to-date doll's wardrobe. There are little low shoes of patent leather, of light blue, pink or white satin and kid, and other dainty footwear in black, bronze or tan kid, to be selected, of course, as occasion demands. A chic rosette or bow frequently ornaments the shoe. A smart sunshade is a necessity in the summer wardrobe of the belle of doll-dom. Parasols come in many different

materials and colors. For a brunette doll-belle a sunshade of sea-shell pink silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and ruchings or narrow pink gauze ribbon, or a frothy cloud of bright red chiffon, would emphasize the beauty of her raven locks. A becoming background for the golden-haired, aureoled belle would be a turquoise silk parasol or one of the airy, fairy-like sunshades of white chiffon.

Fans come in various styles for young lady dolls. They are of paper, wood, bone, of gauze silk, and very elegant little creations indeed to agitate the summer breezes are of carved ivory or of satin hand-painted with flowers.

To pause before the glass cases in a big shop devoted to the display of dolls' attire is to marvel at the completeness with which the wardrobe of the fashionable woman of the day has been duplicated in miniature for the up-to-date doll. Jewel sets provide a variety of ornaments for the beauteous doll, from dainty person-chains, bracelets, brooches, watches. She has her forget-me-not, atomizer, cufflinks, combs, enamel and big and bold jewelry, long earring gloves and

finger rings for her hair. Pretty little toilet sets include the comb, brush, mirror, powder-box with infinitesimal puff, like

a little bit of a curled-up feather, with which to apply the beautifying touch of powder to her rose-leaf complexion. Of silk, elaborately trimmed with lace and ruchings or narrow pink gauze ribbon, or a frothy cloud of bright red chiffon, would emphasize the beauty of her raven locks. A becoming background for the golden-haired, aureoled belle would be a turquoise silk parasol or one of the airy, fairy-like sunshades of white chiffon.

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AMERICA IN LONDON.

The Latest Photograph of Mrs. Choate.



This is the latest photograph of Mrs. Choate, wife of the American Ambassador to England. It was taken at the time of the coronation. The King, a London periodical, from which the illustration is taken, says "the lady possesses the great distinction of being the wife of the wittiest citizen of the United States."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Hoar

Amusements.

Metropolitan

Opera House

Belasco Theatre

David Belasco

Leslie Carter

John Barry

John Barry

John Barry

John Barry

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